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# Chinook

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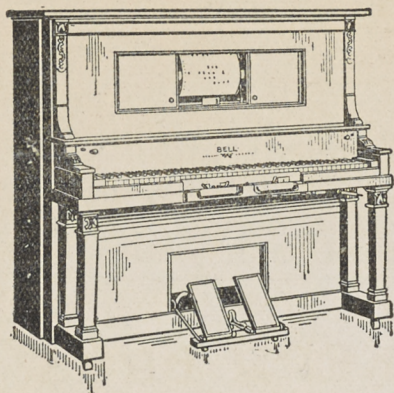
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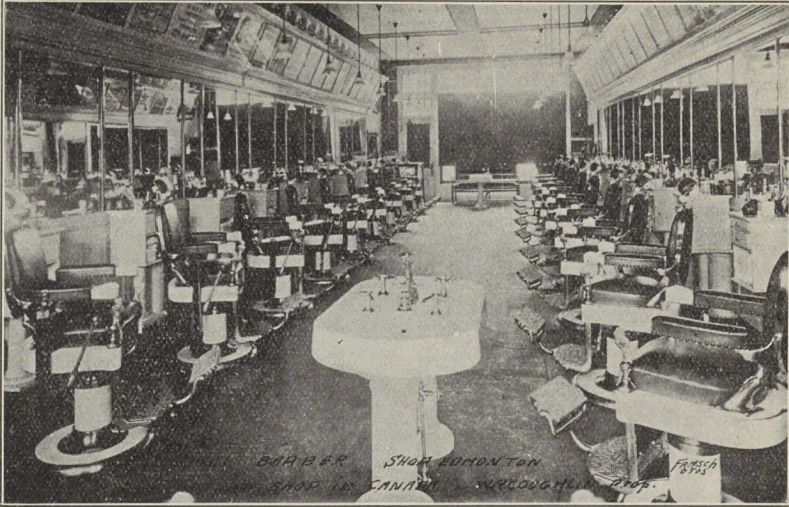
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## .. Foreword ..




In connection with the publication of the Xmas number of "The Chinook"—the Victoria High School Magazine—we feel that we have many friends to thank. We appreciate fully the kindly interest which has been taken in our efforts, and we feel that behind it lies that regard and sympathy which maturer years entertain toward youth and youthful endeavors—that applied effort always finds warm encouragement and reward when it is directed into right and proper channels.

We tender our sincere appreciation and thanks to the teaching staff of the High School, and also to the students, who have very kindly aided us in the publication of our paper. To Mr. Davis, our Supervisor, we are especially grateful. To Mr. Barton of the Hook Sign Co., who very kindly designed the cover, we also extend our heartiest thanks.

To the business men and merchants of the city we owe in a large measure the financial success of our efforts. We bespeak for our advertisers the scrutiny of their advertisements and the kindly consideration of our students and readers. We would like them to feel that their advertisements are not in the way of patronizing charity, but that they are a matter of good business. A little forethought on the part of the students may from time to time impress this fact upon those who have shown themselves in such a tangible way to be our friends.

We take this opportunity of wishing all the readers of "The Chinook" a very Merry Xmas and a New Year full of contentment, health and happiness.

THE EDITOR AND STAFF.







THE VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL



# The Chinook

VOL. III.

EDMONTON, DECEMBER 1913.

NO. 1

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Ralph P. Forster  
 Supervisor ..... Mr. E. C. Davis

## BUSINESS MANAGERS

Fred Huckell ..... Alex Kerr ..... Gordon Thompson

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Nellie Batson (Girls' Athletics); Edna Parsons (Social); Roy Brown (Boys' Athletics); Alex. Huff (Jokes and Exchanges); Charles Sparkes and Albert Might (Special).

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# EDITORIALS

RALPH P. FORSTER

## "THE CHINOOK"

"The Chinook" is a students' paper, edited and published by the students and for the students of the Victoria High School. By the publication of such a paper those on its staff, as well as the whole student body, will derive a great deal of benefit. Successful competitors for the various prizes will be encouraged by the publication of their articles, and the readers of "The Chinook" will find personal benefit in reading them. For those who were unsuccessful there is the lesson to be learned in the old story of "Bruce and the Spider"—which was referred to in the last issue of this paper—"Try again." For those who have thoughts of entering the literary field as a life occupation, work upon "The Chinook" will perhaps prove to be the first stepping stone to future success. To all who have contributed there will be satisfaction in the knowledge that they have directed their efforts into useful channels.

\* \* \*

The last effort made in the publication of "The Chinook" was in the form of an annual. The present staff, recently elected to office, have new ideas regarding this paper and will attempt the publication of two issues during this school year—one at Xmas and the other at Easter. The large attendance of students at the Victoria High School warrants us in taking this forward step, and we look for success to attend the venture. We hope by setting the example to our successors, that we are pointing out the way towards a "Chinook" issued quarterly, and perhaps we are not too ambitious when we say that we hope that the future will see a monthly publication.

\* \* \*

## LOOK BACK INTO THE PAST

Many promising students of the V.H.S. who are to graduate from our school next midsummer must have entertained some

thoughts of what their future will be—whether circumstances will favor a continuation of their studies in the higher branches of learning or compel them to take the course of following some trade or occupation. In either, the keynote should be "usefulness"; that is, their future studies, or their future work, should be towards making a life which will become a useful unit in the great "brotherhood of man."

Perhaps, when the thoughts of the future and what it is to be enter into our minds, we can be better guided as to the formation of a useful career if we do what we sometimes forget to do—look back into the past. Wholly useful lives can only be the outcome of a deep realization of what we owe to the past, and thankfulness for the opportunities we have been given to acquire an education which will fit us for a life as useful citizens. When we think of the bright unfolding future which is ahead of us, we ourselves have most to do in the shaping of that future. Parents and teachers can only do a certain amount; the real key to the future is to be found within the heart and soul of each individual boy and girl. Let us be equal to the occasion. When we say "look back into the past" we mean look back with kindly remembrance of our obligations to our parents who have worked and maybe sacrificed that we might have the opportunity of getting a good education. We can better face the future when we remember the words of the Fifth Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." As students our future will be happier if we never give cause for the heartaches which sometimes cumber the "old hearthside."

\* \* \*

Students are interested to a large extent in the various conventions of the teachers which have been held lately at different points in the province. At these conventions, through the interchange of experiences and ideas, the teachers get a fund of knowledge, which they in turn



impart to the students. These teachers' conventions are a "means towards the end" of making Alberta's educational system the best on the continent.

\* \* \*

Lord Haldane, the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, in a magazine article says of his native land: "We, too, have to recognize that in education lies our future." By means of it "the barriers between class and class will insensibly wear away, and the distinction between manual workers and brain workers will lose its accent of social prejudice, and all ranks will draw together in sympathy and understanding." In this process "the teacher is the great leveler, and his function is not to level down, but to level up." Words like these from so prominent a man as Lord Haldane must make the readers of "The Chinook" realize the true

meaning and importance of education.

We students in Alberta have reason to congratulate ourselves in that we have been fortunate enough to have our lots cast where education takes a first position in the upbuilding of a new country.

A man once rendered a fellow man a timely and useful service. The meeting was a chance one, as the men had hitherto been strangers. In expressing his appreciation for this service the man said, "Thank you. I will do as much for you some day—and if I cannot do it for you, I will do it for someone else." Is there not in this simple answer an ideal which eliminates selfishness? Would it not be a good schoolday axiom? The precepts assimilated in our youth will accompany us throughout our lives. Thus by following out this idea we may build up—as Mr. Taylor-Statten, general secretary of the Y.M.C.A., said recently in his address to the High School students—the social part of our lives.



#### EDITORIAL STAFF

Top Row (left to right)—Fred Huckell, Bus. Mgr.; Alex. Kerr, Bus. Mgr.; Charles Sparkes, Special; Nellie Batson, Girls' Athletics; Roy Brown, Boys' Athletics; Gordon Thompson, Bus. Mgr.

Bottom Row—Albert Might, Special; Ralph Forster, Editor-in-Chief; Edna Parsons, Social; E. C. Davis, Supervisor.



## A SKETCH OF THE VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL

Albert Might

Canada is laying full stress upon her educational facilities at the present time. The world has arrived at that stage when it is the educated man who succeeds. He is the one in whom is implanted love of knowledge for its own sake; reverence for man because he himself is a man, and, above all, a supreme regard for duty. We owe it to the world to give not merely the best of which we are capable, but the best to which we can possibly aspire. Our educationalists to-day are making a successful attempt to set forth these high ideals in the various institutions of learning over which they have control.

Alberta, the fairest of our Western provinces, has given her best thought and most careful attention to the solving of a problem, which, no doubt, is at the present moment and will continue to be in the future most important to the Dominion. Education in Edmonton is one of the chief matters occupying the attention of the people, and as a result the growing boy and girl are receiving benefits of untold value.

The school system of this city came into existence before the shriek of the locomotive was heard and before the great future of the city was even surmised. It was put into operation by a few men who had faith in the school and in all those uplifting influences for which education stands. We owe a great deal to the faith of these progressive Western pioneers who realized the true importance of the school to every community.

In the year 1881 this work really commenced. Previous to this time the missions had been doing a little work along this line, but it was during this year that the school was organized as a public institution. It was not until 1885 that the School Board was organized under school laws. The first Board consisted of Matthew Macauley, William Roland and Malcolm Groat. This body of men had considered the building of a school in 1881, and a twenty-four by thirty foot room was the result. It was the first frame building in Edmonton (the rest being log), and cost \$968. It was situated where the McKay Avenue School now stands, the land having been donated

by the Hudson's Bay Company. One may be certain that the many conveniences of our modern institutions were not in evidence at that time, but, although the comforts were few, the attendance was remarkably good. Mr. Andrew B. Baird, Inspector of Schools, states that on May 5th, 1886, the attendance was twenty-nine, while Dr. McQueen states that twenty-six girls and twenty-six boys were present on March 27th, 1888. He also remarks that the presence of measles in the district at this time affected the attendance. The first teacher was Mr. Richard Secord, a prominent resident of Greater Edmonton to-day.

The enrolment increased to such an extent that a second room was added in 1891. In 1895 the first brick school was built and contained four rooms. Mr. K. W. MacKenzie, B.A., at the present time a member of the School Board, was principal from 1895 to 1898. He was succeeded by Mr. G. J. Bryan, B.A., who filled this position until 1901, when he was appointed Provincial Inspector from Edmonton. The attendance continued to increase and it was not long before other schools were erected in various parts of the town.

In 1901 Mr. William Rea, M.A., now a successful lawyer in this city, united in the work with Mr. John Ross, B.A., now Chief Inspector of Schools. In the following year, the High School was separated from the Public School and Mr. Rea became principal of the former institution. He was assisted by Mr. G. E. Ellis, as Mathematical Master, and Mr. R. H. Johnston, who taught Classics and History. This work was carried on from 1903 to 1910 in the old High School building on College street. At this stage it became so extensive that several rooms in the old Travis-Barker building were used for High School purposes in addition to the High School itself. During the first term of 1903 sixty or seventy students were in actual attendance. In the same year the Literary Society was established through the efforts of Mr. Rea. From that time it has had a continuous existence and special attention has been given to this form of student activity. It first met in one of the school rooms; then in the All Saints' auditorium.



and as its membership grew larger it was held in the Assembly Hall of the McKay Avenue School. A school paper, entitled "High School Topics," was started at this time. At first it was read in the Literary Society, but in 1904 was printed, the editor being Miss Anna Oliver, now Mrs. Garret. The paper met with great success, due credit for which must be given to Mr. Robert Grant, the business manager. During this period, the Strathcona High School was the most active opponent of the Edmonton High on the athletic field.

Mr. F. S. Carr, B.A., assumed the principalship in 1910, and was assisted by a staff of five. A deep interest was taken in the elections for the Literary Society, the very keen competition among the candidates making the contest more interesting than usual.

In 1909 the new High School, now the Victoria High School, was planned and the foundation laid, but it was not until the spring of 1911 that the students first became acquainted with the new building. At this time, the activities throughout the school were many and varied. Before the grounds were in fit condition for football, the games were played on the Second street grounds, near the C. N. R. depot. Hockey held sway throughout the winter and a great many victories were recorded to the credit of the E.H.S. The socials—one each term—helped to break the monotony of the school routine, while during the year various talented students gave a concert to augment the funds of the Athletic Association.

Our present principal, Mr. W. G. Car-

penter, B.A., came to the High School at the beginning of the Fall Term, 1912, succeeding Mr. Carr, who went to Toronto to take up the study of medicine. Since that time the work of the school has been carried on in a very efficient and successful manner. The physical work of the school is under the direction of Capt. C. K. Flint, who has been in the employ of the Board for the last six years. The department of Domestic Science and Manual Training have been equally successful, and the supervisors deserve the highest commendation for the very efficient manner in which they have handled these subjects. The Commercial Department, under the direction of Mr. Page, was introduced in the fall of 1912 and excellent results are being achieved. It can thus be seen that the student body is receiving the best attention in every way.

At the present time there are sixteen teachers on the staff and the enrolment of the school has increased to 325. When we compare these figures with those of 1903—three teachers and seventy pupils—we get some idea of the progress that is being made.

Each of us should have some definite aim in life. In order to realize this aim, we must have preparation, and every opportunity should be utilized to achieve our ideals. "Service" is the cry of the whole world—service for God and Country.

"Tis Education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

## A MAY DAY OUTING

It was sure some picnic; the day was a Brighton, and everybody got tanned Brown. Fred found some Huckell berries and came with a Blythe heart to announce the fact. Miss Teskey said that there was a large Hick(s)ory tree over in a field of Gold-enrod and that they wanted a Carpenter to Hewitt down. Someone said that Albert Might do it, but Francis said: "Why the Dickens don't you get a Forster?"

Then Thompson had a Sweet time trying to persuade Gladys to be Cox-swain for the boats.

In the Arch(er)v contest the Betts were on Miriam, whose fame as a Bowman is well known. Miriam said that this sport made her Armstrong. Jessie got quite Huff-y because she lost the prize.

Two little Dutch girls went picking Dandy Lyons. While passing a farm a Kerr flew out at Elwood who Butchar(ed)t it by Pierce-ing it with a Spear.

Just before lunch a Parson preached a sermon on the snare of the Fowler. After lunch a short musical programme was given. Queena sang "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" and Jack gave a selection on his Fife.

As nobody had remembered to bring matches, a fire had to be kindled with the aid of Sparkes from Flint and Steele. Around the campfire lemonade was served, and Mr. Davis got fuller than he had been in a Long time, but we shall turn over the Page on that.

During a shower a tent was erected and Ray drove the pegs with a Mallet. After the shower the crowd broke up with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.



# THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN

Charles Sparkes

The outstanding feature of this term as far as the display of interest and enthusiasm was concerned was undoubtedly the campaign held in October in connection with the election of officers for the Literary Society. It was conducted in a fair, sportsmanlike manner, which did credit to every student in the school.

As a preliminary step, the students were divided into parties, the "Old Lits" and the "Progressives." Mr. Davis was appointed organizer of the former and Mr. Watson of the latter. Each party placed candidates in the field for the different positions on the executive, and these candidates drew up platforms on which they proposed to appeal to the electors.

The campaign was formally opened on Tuesday morning, October 7th, when the two platforms were posted up on the bulletin board by Mr. Carpenter. The political pot at once began to boil. During the day little groups of enthusiastic party workers could be seen around the halls, instructing doubtful voters how to mark their ballots and pointing out the manifold reasons for their so doing. A big mass meeting was called by the "Old Lits" for Wednesday afternoon, and it was eagerly anticipated. The Assembly Hall was well filled by students from all the grades soon after the doors were opened and before many minutes had passed the "Old Lit" candidates appeared on the platform amid the hearty applause of their supporters. Mr. Davis occupied the chair and called upon the various speakers to present their views on the issues at stake. This they did in a very creditable manner. Messrs. Brighton and Kerr, the presidential candidates, of course, were centres of interest, and both of them received a good hearing. Parodies on songs and party yells tended to arouse enthusiasm and to keep everybody in good spirits, and when the meeting closed the "Progressives" realized that the "Old Lits" meant business.

The Teachers' Convention gave them a few days in which to devise ways and means to check the onslaught of their opponents, and when Tuesday came they were in good fighting trim. This was the date set for the "Progressive" rally, and a large audience greeted the speakers. Mr. Watson gave a short introductory address and then called upon various "Progressive" candidates, including the Misses Lewis, Smith and Martin, and Messrs. Cairns, Loughlin, Sparkes and Huckell. The party leaders again appeared before the electors and appealed for their support and co-operation. This meeting was also a lively and enthusiastic one, in which general goodfellowship seemed to exist in spite of the keen rivalry.

On the following night the "Old Lits" waxed eloquent once more, and "Yip-i-addy-i-ay" resounded throughout the whole building. Misses Stocks and Fowler won hearty applause for their maiden efforts, while Reggie Blythe and David Teviotdale kept the large audience spellbound by the force of their logic.

A joint mass meeting was held on Thursday with Mr. Long in charge. Supporters of Messrs. Kerr and Brighton were out in full force, with their regimental colors bravely displayed. Four speakers from each party, the orators of the school, appeared on the platform. Miss Smith and Messrs. Kerr, Sparkes and Huckell represented the "Progressives," while Messrs. Brighton, Brown, Forster and Mallet upheld the principles of the "Old Lits." The feature of the meeting was the fine spirit that existed between the two parties.

This meeting closed the campaign as far as public speaking was concerned, and the energy of the party workers was now directed to the getting out of the vote on Friday, the date set for polling day. Mr. Taylor acted as Returning Officer, and was assisted by Mr. Morgan as Deputy Returning Officer, and by Messrs. Welbourne and Might as Poll Clerks. They did their work in a very efficient manner and announced the results soon after the polls had closed.

The "Old Lits" succeeded in electing eight of their candidates, while the "Progressives" won three of the coveted





#### LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Top Row—Fred Huckell, Treas.; Earl Samis; Mabel McDonald, Sec.; Ray Mallet; Inez Anstis, Winnie Martin.

Bottom Row—Helen Tredway, Vice-Pres.; John Loughlin; Harris Brighton, Pres.; Ralph Forster, Editor.

positions. The following officers, therefore, were declared elected to this year's executive:

President—Harris Brighton.

First Vice-President—Helen Tredway.

Second Vice-President—Alex. Huff.

Secretary—Mabel McDonald.

Treasurer—Fred Huckell.

Editor—Ralph Forster.

Representatives—Grade XII., John Loughlin; Grade XI., Inez Anstis; Grade X., Ray Mallet; Grade IX., Earl Samis; Commercial, Winnie Martin.

#### A Pure Mathematician

Let Poets chant of Clouds and Things  
In lonely attics!  
A Nobler Lot is his who clings  
To Mathematics.

Sublime he sits, no Worldly Strife  
His Bosom vexes,  
Reducing all the Doubts of Life  
To Y's and X's.

And naught to him's a primrose on  
The river's border;  
A Parallelopipedon  
Is more in order.

Let Braggarts vow to do and dare  
And right abuses!  
He'd rather sit at home and square  
Hypotenuses.

Along the straight-ruled paths he goes,  
Contented with 'em,  
The only Rhythm that he knows,  
A logarithm.

—Harper's Weekly.



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## PRIZE ARTICLES

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## PERSIA

## First Prize Story

By ANNIE MARSDEN

Every one of us can recall incidents in childhood when things which now seem trivial and insignificant appeared to be large and of very great importance. The memory of my own childhood is so closely associated with that of a dear companion and plaything that I could scarcely refer to any event without thinking of her. She was a cat, a most intelligent and affectionate cat. Her name was Persia.

Persia! It was a remote but long cherished fancy which induced me to give her this geographical name. 'Tis true that it cost many indignant tears when my jeering school mates would call her Spain or Germany, but the name has become as closely associated with her as she is with the memory of my childhood. Even yet, at the sound of this name no country on the map of Eurasia rises to my mind; moreover (hoping our geography teacher never sees this paper), I don't know where Persia is, and I don't think I've ever seen it: for always at the sound of the word there rises before my mind the beloved figure of a lame, short-tailed, one-eared tortoise-shell cat, very ordinary in other people's eyes, but very extraordinary in mine. I had often heard of the beautiful Persian cats and always had cherished a forlorn hope of some day possessing one. When this remarkable animal I have just described came, lost and uncared for, to the door one cold winter night, how joyfully I brought her in, thinking that my dreams had come true. All through her life, in spite of the many contradictions called forth by her appearance which all my kind friends took care to point out to me, I maintained this fond conception. How often have I stroked her short, bristly hair, firmly believing that some day her lineage would be discovered and she would turn out to be a Persian cat.

One day Persia went to school with me—she often went there with me and followed me home again. But this day there happened to be a great many dogs around. These dogs must have been chasing my beloved companion, for when I came out of school I found her on the

highest ridge of the highest roof, perched like an immovable ornament, afraid to stir. I did everything I could think of to coax her down but she would not move. I knew I could not stay long after four, so hoping she would soon regain her courage and find her way home, I reluctantly left behind this monument of grief and terror.

However reluctant to leave I knew that I must hurry home, as mother would be looking for me, for this was the night of a long anticipated pleasure. We were all going to the Sunday school entertainment, in which I was to take part. In our quiet, country life this was a great annual event. As soon as one was over we began looking forward to the next.

While hurrying on my way home I often looked back to see if Persia were coming. When I reached home amid all the noise and excitement of getting myself and the other children ready, I slipped outside at every opportunity to see if Persia were in sight. But Persia did not come. When the short day closed and the darkness fell I began to get very anxious. Why didn't she come? How could I go to the concert without leaving my darling secure at home with the door safely locked? How dreary I felt at the entertainment. I had no place among the noisy groups of excited children that raced up and down the aisles. My thoughts were all on the cold house-top with Persia.

"Oh, mother!" I said at last, "I am afraid Persia is still on Wilson's roof. She has been there all day in this cold wind without a thing to eat."

Fresh tears come to my eyes and a hard lump rises even now in my throat when I remember how lightly mother regarded the pitiful news of this awful calamity. "When Persia gets into the cellar where the milk pans are," I thought bitterly, "we hear enough about it; when she goes to sleep in the cradle with the baby we hear more about it, but now that she is alone on the cold roof, starving and freezing to death, nobody cares." How could I endure it? Must I stay here



in all this light and merriment while the voice of a lonely, terrified cat called to me from the bleak, dark house-top? No!—no matter what mother said, I must go to Persia. The sandwiches were being passed around. "Now," thought I, "is my chance."

With a sandwich in one hand I slipped down to the floor, crawled out behind the row of chairs and away to the door without being noticed. It was a cold and snowy night, but Wilson's house was not far away. By the shadowy light of a few scattered stars I made my way towards it. Yes! Persia was still there! Above the horizon line, dark against the pale sky was the motionless form, showing so plainly the graceful outline of her thin but shapely body.

"Oh! Persia," I cried, stretching up my arms to receive her. "Come down! There are no dogs now. Any way I will hold you till we get past; I am not afraid of dogs! Come down."

Persia always understood every word I said to her. Now when her marble image disappeared from the sky-line, I knew she was descending the steep roof. Soon I had her in my arms pressing her cold fur to my beating heart—the same soft Persia. We shared the sandwich, Persia eating the ham and I the bread, and then started on our journey home.

It seemed a long half mile across snowy fields, but fortunately a rising moon made the road visible. The wind blew keenly on my bare arms and neck and uncovered head, but I was not cold for Persia was in my arms. On our way many strange objects appeared on the road-side, but I was not afraid, for Persia was with me. If all the ghosts and hobgoblins had risen from the land of story books, they could not have harmed me, for Persia was there. As we approached the house I remembered that the door would probably be locked. But what did that matter; I could easily spend a night out, for had I not Persia?

On reaching the house, however, I found it was not locked. I crept silently into the dark room. There were no matches within my reach but I knew Persia could see in the dark, and as I could feel what did we want of matches? I sank upon the floor exhausted with my long walk and the weight of the heavy cat. I still hugged this cherished prize to my heaving bosom, pressing her cold nose against my cheek and listening to the soft purring.

"Oh, Persia! you are the dearest cat in the world, whether you are a Persian or not. If I could have the whole house full of Persian cats, upstairs, downstairs, cellar and all, I would love you the best of all."

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## THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

### Second Prize Story

By DORIS BETTS

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On all sides rose the great, tall mountains, snow-capped, and fringed by a wealth of stately fir trees. The valleys, also clustered with leafless trees, looked bleak and dreary, with their ledges of rich clay thrusting themselves out of the thin covering of snow.

Far down in one of these valleys could be discerned a white blot, which, on closer observation turned out to be a camp of some sort. The bleakness of the surrounding country was accentuated as one heard the dreary moan of the wind as it circled around the hills, or whistled down the ravines on this piercing day of December.

On nearer approach, the white blot slowly shaped itself into a miner's camp. It was the only sign of life in this glorious frozen scene.

Inside, the aspect was quite the reverse of the howling outside world. Everything looked warm, although a certain bareness of the camp didn't lend to the appearance of comfort. Men were lounging round in careless attitudes on this night of all nights, Christmas Eve. No stir or excitement of any kind could be detected in their manner as if they expected any enjoyment or surprise that the morrow would bring them, but rather there was a half haggard expression of greed on most faces as if the "Fierce Race for Wealth" was the only matter of consideration. Some men, however, were showing their respect for the season by writing their annual letter home. One man, or rather boy, in particular, by the name of Jack Laurence, was writing with a half earnest expression. He was



a tall, raw-boned youth, with a pair of intense brown eyes and a shock of brown, curly hair.

He stopped writing suddenly and held his head in a listening attitude; then turning round he said to an elderly, grey-haired man sitting near him: "What's the noise, Pete? Did you hear anything resembling a cry?" The man addressed, Peter Johnson, turned lazily around and replied that nothing of that nature had come his way.

After a few moments the noise was repeated, although a great deal louder. This time Pete leaped to his feet, and rushing to the door of the tent, peered out into the darkness. Close on his heels came Jack, and together they started out the door, feeling their way to an opening in the trees.

In another minute Pete had darted forward and clutched a little white bundle into his arms, calling meanwhile to Jack to come to him.

It was too dark to discern if the little waif were a boy or a girl, but hurrying back to the camp, their precious bundle in his arms, Pete finally lodged it safely inside the warm lighted tent.

In an instant every man was clustered round the child. An odd spectacle they made with their weather-beaten countenances, now all animation, wonder and delight at this strange novelty. They gazed only for a minute, and then the air was filled with eager questions, half stifled exclamations of wonder, and a general buzz of excitement.

But to return to the child—a girl, as it turned out to be—when she came into the light and warmth, her numb, frozen little body began to ache again, and the drowsy feeling to leave her, and she started to whimper with cold and fright.

In a moment Pete had sat down with the little mite on his knee, as he used to sit with his own little girl, now long ago lost to him, lingering only in memory. He took off the dirty, shabby little coat, which once had been white, and also the shoes and stockings, and began chafing the little hands and feet, till coming suddenly upon a great white patch upon one of her feet he uttered the exclamation: "Frozen!" Instantly Jack darted outside and returning handed him some snow, with which to rub the frozen parts.

After a great deal of rubbing and chafing, the baby's warmth returned. The kind, fatherly look on Pete's face during all these operations was good to see; he worked hard to save the child, and with

the return of warmth, his face took on a radiant expression.

When it was quite safe, she was transferred to a place before the fire, and then it was that Pete proposed that a search party be organized to look for the parents of this child, as probably they were nearby and dying of cold.

Five or six strong, big men volunteered to go; among them being Jack, all eager to save a human life if within his power.

They left Pete with the child wrapped up in a blanket in his arms and busy feeding her with sips of hot, canned milk and water from a spoon. They stepped out into the howling night, muffled well, and fully armed with lanterns. A rough looking man with a rugged appearance, hali fierce and half gruffly good-natured, called by his comrades "Big Bill," took the lead, and after him came the five others, eager to find anyone in distress and to return quickly to the warmth of the camp.

They hadn't gone far over the steep, dangerous ground, when "Big Bill" called a halt. They all began peering into the darkness, when suddenly Jack uttered a cry, and rushing forward beckoned to his comrades to follow, and there lying in the snow, her face turned towards the sky, was a woman, apparently frozen to death. As the lanterns shone full upon her, the pallidness of death was not so apparent, and bending quickly, Jack lifted her up very gently as if to save her before it was too late. The others quickly followed his lead, and while some offered their coats, others assisted him, and they started carrying her to the camp.

When they got her inside they found that there still remained a spark of life, apparent in the feeble heart-beats. But when Pete came forward he shook his head, saying: "I have seen that look too often on the human face; she won't live above five or ten minutes." He was right, for the woman, frozen beyond relief, died shortly afterwards.

Meanwhile, the child awakened by the commotion occasioned by the return of the men, cried out. Pete rushed to her, but not in time to prevent her from seeing the prostrate form of her mother. The poor little girl ran to her, and flinging her arms around her, said: "Oh, I have found you, Mummy; and look, I have found dis nice Daddy-man, too," pointing at the same time to Pete.

The little scene touched these hearts, hardened by their rough manner of living, and their lack of contact with the



outside world. Pete slowly led the child away, while the rest of the men silently took the body of the mother and prepared it for burial.

It was new approaching the small hours of the morning, and after making arrangement for the burial of the mother, a "council of war," as Pete called it, was held to discuss what was to be done with the little, new addition to their camp. The race for wealth was for the moment forgotten, and all their thoughts were centred in the welfare of a tiny, blue-eyed, curly-haired little girl about four years old. All the old fatherly instincts and emotions were awakened in Pete's breast. He had regained his little daughter, and didn't want to part with her again.

The poor little mite had cried herself to sleep in Pete's arms, after which she had been gently placed near the stove. Her advent created such excitement and new interest that, like Pete, the others

decided they would hate to let her go away from them.

Christmas morn dawned crisp, bright and clear. The very earth snapped with the cold. Hoar frost covered every tree, lending to the scene an appearance of fairy-land. The sun shone brightly, causing everything to glisten and sparkle, and making everyone think that Nature was dancing to the tune of the Christmas season. The miners also awoke full of bright hopes, tuning their moods to the sparkle of Nature. The little girl awoke feeling less strange, and in a more talkative mood. The men were enchanted with her charming little ways and, following a sudden suggestion of Jack's, they called her Theo, a contraction for Theodora, "Gift of God." For it flashed across everyone's mind that this Christmas season had brought them a new interest in life, with this amusing, innocent little girl.

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## TIM'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

### Third Prize Story

By GLADYS FILER

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One cold, raw day in December, several years ago, two travel-soiled men met each other a few miles north of the city of Edmonton. They had not seen each other for a long time and were anxious to hear of the other's adventures.

"Mike," said Tim, "what did you see in the city: anything wonderful?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mike, "I saw many stores and large houses, the like we have not seen in a long time. There were big crowds of people on the streets. Men were selling some kind of real estate; boys were selling papers and women were in the large stores buying pretty things. Automobiles and street cars kept coming and going and it seemed good to see such a great city where we can go to when the farmers refuse to give us food."

"I am very anxious to see this place. You say it is called Edmonton?"

"Yes; and it is the finest city in Alberta," replied Mike.

"And do they have big theatres there?"

"Yes; and I have heard that they have a large fair there every year."

"When will you be back in the city? I'll wait there for you."

"In a few weeks, boy."

"It will be lonesome without you," said Tim.

"Yes, but I'll see you soon. But tell me about your own adventures. How you fared on your journey through the farming district. Were you treated well? Tell me all," said Mike.

Tim answered this first with a deep sigh and then proceeded to tell his friend of his experiences during the past month. Mike listened patiently to the narrative, hearing first how Tim had been attacked by a bulldog and how the dog had made a large rent in his trousers. Next Tim visited Farmer Brown, and there he had been treated kindly. They thought he was so honest: he had such big, trustful blue eyes. He told them of the terrible accident that he had been in and how he and a few others had been saved. They believed him, and the kind Mrs. Brown insisted upon mending the rent in his trousers while he retired to another room. There he found a pocketbook which contained twenty dollars. Sorely in need of money he was tempted with a desire to steal, not thinking of the results. This was the first real theft that Tim had ever committed. He had begged and Mike had taught him not to steal.



After Tim had left the farm house and the loss had been discovered, they declared that he could not have done it, not with such honest eyes as his.

He related to Mike many other experiences, such as being turned away or allowed to sleep in a barn, and how many times a mother's heart was moved and she trusted him, perhaps because of her own son, thinking how he had climbed the ladder to success or perhaps had fallen down. She would encourage him to be good and sometimes he would be so much affected that he would make a resolution to turn over a new leaf, but the dread of work overwhelmed that resolution and the good influence would be of no avail. He seemed so young, only eighteen. But he was more than eighteen in experience. For a long time he had not done a scrap of hard work. By the softness and tenderness of his blue eyes he got what he wanted from the farmers. They all thought him a wonderful boy until they found some little thing stolen, for after Tim had taken the twenty dollars he found it very easy to steal.

Mike and Tim had been born in Dublin. Tim looked up to his Uncle Mike with great awe. Mike did not have blue eyes like Tim. His were grey and his hair was tinged with white. He did not want Tim to call him "Uncle Mike" but just plain "Mike." This made the bond of friendship much closer.

Tim was tall and thin and was very fond of good things to eat although he was not ambitious enough to work to secure them. His clothes were ragged and his shoes were full of holes. He could read and write but he had not been in practice for a long time, not since he had left "Dublin Town" at the age of ten. For eight years he had lived in Canada, and for most of that time in Alberta. He was now on his way to the city of Edmonton. Mike had just seen it and had been greatly impressed. Neither he nor Tim had been near the large cities for a long time. So it was on that cold day in December with the sun just peeping through the clouds that they met each other; one about to enter the city and the other coming forth overjoyed with the grandeur and beauty of all that he had seen. After a while they parted, but Mike's heart was hurt to think that Tim had taken things that did not belong to him.

As Tim drew near Edmonton he felt a sense of dread come over him. Suppose these city people would give him

nothing to eat? He would have to work, something which he hated to do. But he smiled again, for he remembered that he had ten dollars in his pocket left from the twenty dollars that he had stolen from Farmer Brown. He had urged Mike to take half of the money and Mike had reluctantly accepted it because he did not have any money and furthermore he was afraid that if he refused, Tim would steal and would not tell him of it, and Mike did not want to lose the confidence of Tim.

\* \* \*

Tim crawled quietly into the room through the window and then breathed a sigh of relief. The house that he had invaded was closed. The owners were in California as Tim found out by a letter that lay on the table. Consequently he decided that this would be an excellent opportunity to become the owner of a new wardrobe. So from the clothes of the gentleman of the house he selected a dress suit, a silk hat, white gloves and a cane. He soon changed his ragged attire for the new one, and as he surveyed himself in the glass he felt quite pleased. Tying the discarded clothes in a bundle he thrust them into the fireplace and touched a match to them.

On crawling out of the window Tim saw a cab, and running to the curb he hailed the driver. With the air of a polished gentleman he stepped into the cab and told the driver to drive him through the city.

Tim leaned back among the soft cushions with a feeling of self-satisfaction. Soon he was whirling along the fashionable avenues, where many fine sights were presented to his enraptured gaze. It was the hour when people were hurrying home from their day's work to enjoy the preparation of the Christmas Tree. Soon the driver stopped before the door of a fine looking house and having alighted, leisurely strolled away. Tim waited impatiently for him to return. In a short time, however, he heard a footstep, then a voice saying:

"Why, Mr. Donston, how long have you been waiting out here? We have been expecting you for a hour or so."

The speaker was a kind looking man and as he extended his hand cordially, Tim felt his heart go out in silent admiration to him. "I've not been waiting here very long, thank you. My driver has disappeared, but I guess he will return soon," replied Tim in an agreeable voice.

"Certainly, but come right in. The



children are waiting to see you, and another thing I'd like to ask of you is to be Santa Claus. I can't fool them this time. They said they want me near so I will be able to welcome the old gentleman too," said the man in a pleasant tone.

"Certainly. I would love to please them," replied Tim.

"Well, you don't know what a relief it is to me. The children persist in clamoring all over Santa. I don't think that they are very afraid of him."

"I should hope not," replied Tim.

They had by this time reached the veranda and the door was opened and a trio of pretty girls peeped out.

"Hello, Mr. Donston," they all said in a chorus.

"Hello," replied Tim.

"Have you seen Santa Claus?" enquired one of the girls.

"Why of course he hasn't, Grace, for Santa don't come until late," said Elise, as she took Tim's hat and overcoat and handed them to the maid.

One of the little girl's took Tim by the hand and led him into the parlor where a gentle lady arose from a chair and stretched forth her hand to welcome him.

"I am Mrs. Rossar and you are Mr. Donston I believe. I am pleased to meet you. Your cousin wrote us that you would be in the city and of course you received a word from us asking you to come over this evening?"

"I want to thank you very much for inviting me here this evening. I appreciate it very much and hope you will not regret your kind invitation," answered Tim, feeling very glad that they had probably never seen him before.

Tim was soon in a happy mood, chatting with Elise, Grace and May. They enquired all about Santa Claus and wanted to know if he had ever seen him.

"Mr. Donston?" said Grace.

"Yes," replied Tim.

"I like you awfully well."

Tears filled Tim's eyes and he looked at her with a smile upon his face as he said: "Grace, you are the first little girl that has ever said that to me."

"I'm awfully glad," whispered Grace with a happy smile.

So the evening wore on. Soon Mrs. Rossar took the children out of the room so Santa would be able to come. When they had gone Mr. Rossar produced a costume in which Tim was soon dressed, and with a pack on his back he left the room to return as soon as the

children came back with their presents to adorn the Christmas Tree.

He stood outside in the hall waiting for the girls to put their presents on the Tree. Soon he heard Mr. Rossar say: "I think it is time for Santa to come."

Tim understood that it was the signal for him to appear. So he opened the door and laying his pack upon a chair he greeted them all with a cheery smile and a hearty laugh.

"Well well, little folks and big folks, it is time that you were all in bed, but since you have been pretty good this year we'll let that pass. What a treat it is to see such a merry group. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all."

"The same to you dear Santa," replied the girls with a glance at his pack.

"I suppose you are impatient to see what I have for you, but you'll have to wait until tomorrow morning. But I'll tell you a story now."

"Where's Mr. Donston? I want him to hear it too," said Grace looking around for him.

"He has gone home, my dear. He found that he would not have time to that he did not see you girls to say stay and see Santa. He felt awfully sorry goodbye to you but you will see him again," said Mr. Rossar.

They all sat down around the fireplace, the three girls sitting beside him and looking eagerly at him to hear what his story was. Tim began:

"Once upon a time there was a little Irish lad whose name was Tim. He met an uncle of his outside a big city and after talking to him for a short time he went into the city all alone. He was very lonesome because he did not know anybody there. He wandered around the streets and because he was not a very good boy and had not had good bringing up he went into a house and found some clothes and put them on. Then he went outside and saw a man driving along the street. Tim called to him and because he was dressed so fine the driver let him get into the carriage and then drove off. They drove along beautiful streets and after a while stopped before a lovely house. The driver strode away and was absent for quite a while. Tim grew very impatient. Soon he heard a man's voice asking him to come into the house before which he had stopped. The man had mistaken him for some one else whom they were expecting. Tim was a little frightened but went into the



house and there he met three of the dearest girls in the world and he was so pleased with the cheerfulness of the place that he was ashamed of the deception that he was practicing. This same man, Tim was his name, entered your home and whom you thought was Mr. Donston was only Tim O'Horne."

"Oh, oh, is it really true? questioned May breathlessly.

"Yes. Could you forgive a man like that?" said Tim anxiously.

"I don't think he was really bad. I liked him so much," said Grace, in defence of her friend.

Mr. Rossar then spoke. "Mr. Santa Claus, perhaps if you would bring this gentleman here we could fix things up a bit. I wish to explain to him that he practised no deception whatever. After I first looked at him (for I have seen the real Mr. Donston, and I also received a note, after this gentleman came, to the effect that he would not be able to be with us tonight) I knew that it was not Mr. Donston. But I liked this young Tim's appearance so much that I trusted him, and if you could bring him back I would like to see him."

Santa left the room and soon returned dressed in his former clothing. He entered with downcast eyes, but Mr. Rossar

advanced to meet him and took him by the hand and said:

"Young man, I need a fellow like you in my office. Whoever my girls take a liking to, I like. I admire you for your confession. It surely came from a repentant heart."

"Mr. Rossar, you don't know how much I appreciate your kindness. I've been lazy and not often as honest as I might have been. But I thank you for the help you have promised me and I'll try my very best to live up to your idea of me."

"That's all I ask of you, boy. Do your best and you will not regret the hard work it has cost you. Yes, that is a fine resolution to begin the New Year on."

The little girls crowded around Tim, and he put his hand upon Grace's head.

"You have all been my Christmas presents. Everyone of you. The best Christmas present a man can have—friends."

So this was how Tim again became an honest boy. He paid back the money to Farmer Brown and returned the stolen clothes. Moreover, the influence exercised by the Rossar family was transferred to Mike through Tim and it was certainly the best kind of a Christmas present—the return of Manhood.

## FAREWELL

### First Prize Poem

By ROSS ARCHIBALD

Farewell, my sweet and bonny hame,  
To far-off lands I speed:  
To Canada, which still doth claim  
The sons that Scotchmen need.  
How aft I'll think of thee, my hame,  
Amid the hill and dale.  
Where Loch Katrine and Trossachs meet  
On that historic trail.

Mony a time in early morn,  
We rose to start the fight,  
And thou wert of thy beauty shorn  
By robbers in their spite.  
O ilka hill we dearly bought,  
When Lowlanders were slain:  
For thy dear sake we fiercely fought,  
But costly was the gain.

Aft when the heavy mists were low,  
From thee we'd go ascouting,  
And nae few times we'd bend our bow,  
Whene'er we heard the shouting.  
But those sad days are past and gone,  
And Scotia's haughs are bonny,  
And Highlander meets Lowlander  
Wherever there is money.

To that great land, the last great West,  
Where Canada is needing  
The Gaelic blood o' Scotland's best—  
'Tis there that we are speeding.  
So, fare thee well, my Scottish hame;  
Farewell, farewell, forever;  
As to forgetting thy dear name,  
We never will, nae never.

—R. A.



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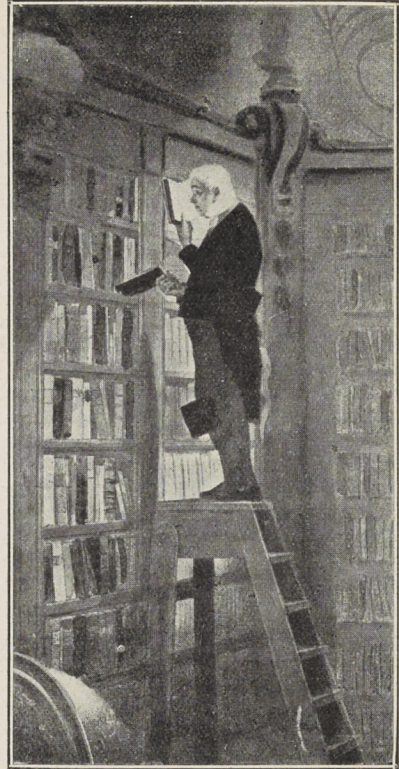
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:::

## SOCIAL NOTES

:::

Edna Parsons.

The many organization meetings necessary this term have been the direct cause of the Literary Society's inactivity in social matters. However, now that everything is again in good working order, we are looking forward to some social entertainments.

\* \* \*

The rink is well under way and a skating party, with a band in attendance, is being discussed. Here's hoping it may take place in the near future.

\* \* \*

Under the management of Miss Hewitt on Friday evening, December 19th, some of the upper grade pupils are presenting to us Goldsmith's renowned play, "She Stoops to Conquer." This play is still a leading attraction upon the modern stage, being not only amusing but very instructive. The costumes will be modelled on those of the 18th century. The cast is as follows:

Mr. Hardcastle . . . . Gordon Thompson  
Mrs. Hardcastle . . . . Miss Hewitt  
Miss Hardcastle . . . . Miss Doris Betts  
Tony Lumpkin . . . . George Newland  
Young Mr. Marlow . . . . Fred Huckell  
Sir Charles Marlow . . Charles Welbourne  
Miss Neville . . . . Miss Margaret Gold  
Mr. Hastings . . . . . Jack Fife  
Landlord . . . . . Alex Kerr  
Diggory . . . . . Kenneth Crozier  
Servants—Oliver McIntyre, Douglas Robertson, Willie Wagner.

\* \* \*

On December 5th, the students took great pleasure in listening to Professor Patty's lecture on the present scientific marvels—"Liquid Air, Radium and Wireless Telegraphy." In this lecture he gave numerous demonstrations such as freezing cranberries to a temperature of 312 degrees below zero and at the same time and under similar conditions melting steel pens. The lecture also included experimental demonstrations of Radium and Wireless Telegraphy. Many parents and friends of the pupils availed themselves of the opportunity to hear Prof. Patty and the lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

\* \* \*

Afternoon teas are not on our usual bill of fare at the Victoria High School,

yet on the afternoon of the "Lit" election we had an opportunity of enjoying an equally exhilarating function in the Assembly Hall. It is true that Mrs. McSporley did not "pour tea," nor did Mrs. Blitherskiter "cut the ices"—nevertheless "a fine time was had." Everyone was in especially good humor, and conversation flowed freely even if the tea did not. This social event took somewhat the nature of a musicale, several "artists" discoursing sweet music while the voting was going on, and a display of pantomime was in constant progress on the stage. We shall not attempt to describe the costumes.

\* \* \*

Mr. Alex. Huff will not receive again this season.

## SOME POEM

Can't read nuthin,  
Can't write nuthin,  
Can't sing nuthin,  
That's true;  
Can't hear nuthin,  
Can't see nuthin,  
Can't think nuthin,  
But you.

Don't drink nuthin,  
Don't eat nuthin,  
Don't find nuthin  
To do.  
Don't know nuthin,  
Don't dream nuthin,  
Don't love nuthin  
But you.

Friends ain't nuthin,  
Cash ain't nuthin ,  
Life ain't nuthin,  
That's true;  
Time ain't nuthin,  
World ain't nuthin,  
There ain't nuthin  
But you.

Timbres: "What is a caterpillar?"  
Warren Sweet: "An upholstered worm."



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# ::: GIRLS' ATHLETICS :::

Nellie Batson.

The girls who are attending High School this year are certainly showing a great deal of interest in athletics. Basketball seems to be the most popular game among them, with tennis a close second. Arrangements are also being made to start indoor baseball. We all are anxiously awaiting for the opportunity to play this game which has proved so popular at other institutions.

At a meeting of the girls, held at the beginning of the term, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Helen Tredway; vice-president, Miss Mabel McDonald; secretary-treasurer, Miss Doris Betts; convenors of committees: basketball, Miss Erma Fowler; tennis, Miss I Anstis; baseball, Miss Mita Hills.

Almost as soon as the fall term opened a basket ball league was formed. A committee was appointed composed of one girl from each room. The object of this committee was that each member should pick a team from her respective room to play off a schedule which was arranged. Many very exciting games were played: the Senior Commercial Class winning the series by defeating 9A in the final game.

These games aided the committee in charge in selecting the best players to represent the High School on Field Day, in the annual basketball game with the Strathcona Collegiate for the championship of the city. Both teams practised hard in preparation for the game which meant so much to the victors. The Victoria girls were confident of winning, as they had the best team that has represented the High School for several years. Equally confident, however, were the girls from our sister institution. As a result a great game was anticipated, and

many supporters from each school were on hand to cheer their respective teams on to victory. The game had been in progress but a few minutes when it was easily seen by even the most skeptical that a High School victory was assured. Our girls took the lead from the very first, and maintained it throughout the whole game. The final score was 18 to 7, which just about indicates the relative strength of the two teams. The Victoria High School team lined up as follows.

Forwards—Misses Fowler and Pennie.

Defence—Misses MacEachern and Chalmers.

Jumping centre—Miss Carpenter.

Side centres—Misses Duclos and Cox.

The girls are certainly to be congratulated for the splendid victory they won for our dear old school.

The girls who have played basketball before were not the only students to be given a chance this year. A league was formed of teams from the various rooms, for the girls who had not played before. This was, without doubt, a very wise move on the part of the committee, as it gives those a chance to learn the game who would, under ordinary circumstances, never get a chance to do so. Many good players are often discovered in this way, who would probably spend four long years in High School without even knowing the rules of the game.

Early in the term a tennis club was formed. Miss Anstis was elected convenor of the committee, and many very exciting games were played on the splendid courts at our disposal. Next spring we hope to have a tennis tournament which should create much more interest in the game than has heretofore been shown.



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# ... BOYS' ATHLETICS ...

ROY BROWN

The athletics in the Victoria High School have been carried on with great enthusiasm so far during the term, but there is one thing that is greatly to be regretted, and that is that not a single branch of our athletic association takes part in any regularly scheduled league with other schools and colleges. A league could and should be arranged with other schools for athletic purposes. We go to Strathcona High School and to the Vermilion Agricultural School to debate; why should we not go to different schools to contest some branch of sport, which is also an important factor in education? We could have in this league teams from Alberta College, Strathcona High School, and perhaps a restricted team from Alberta University. A league like this would help to stir up greater interest in any one of the different branches of sport participated in by our student body.

Our school has, perhaps, the best facilities for athletics of any school in the province. We are amply provided with room for sporting purposes as our grounds cover about nine acres. Part of this is taken up by a fine level football field, which is enclosed by an excellent cinder running track. Another part of the grounds is reserved for the skating rink. In this way no time is lost in the spring in waiting for the ice to melt off the football field. Then we have two cinder tennis courts, which, with little attention, could be made equal to the best in the city.

This game, namely tennis, is one which the students have overlooked, much to their own loss, both from the standpoint of pleasure and of development. Tennis is not, as is often supposed, a very mild form of sport to be participated in by those who cannot stand any very strenuous exercise, but is a game which gives every opportunity for display of skill and judgment.

In the school we have also a fine, large gymnasium with all the most modern equipment, including shower baths and locker rooms, thus giving us every facility for administering to the physical welfare of all the students.

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

At the first of the season a meeting of all the boys of the school was held to decide whether rugby or association football was to be played this fall by the students. When the fact was taken into consideration that the school held the Rutherford Cup, which is open to challenge every term by the students of High Schools in Northern Alberta, it was decided that a team to play association football should be organized immediately.

To develop the material in the school a league was formed in our own midst with three senior and two junior teams. The league, however, did not continue very long as it had to be dropped when a challenge was received from Strathcona High School.

This challenge was the first and only challenge that was received for the Rutherford Cup during the term. Since it was received during the time of the elections, the players could not get the proper time for practice and the prospects of holding the cup seemed very slim. But the students rose to the occasion. Under the direction of Mr. Hicks as manager and Sparkes as captain the boys worked hard on the field and in the gymnasium for a few nights and were ready to do their best on Saturday, October 25th, the day set for the contest.

## VICTORIA H.S. VS. STRATHCONA H.S.

It was an ideal day and the game was started on time by Mr. Yule, the referee. The play was very close. Strathcona had a much heavier team than V.H.S., but our boys made up for this in skill and team play. The forwards played very good combination and were well supported by the half and full backs, who were exceptionally strong. At first there did not seem to be much advantage one way or the other, but a pretty rush by the forwards and a nice shot by Loughlin, which got past for the first goal, caused the Victoria rooters to voice their approval in no uncertain manner. There was no more scoring during the first half



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which left our team with a lead of 1 to 0.

The second half started very fast, but our boys cinched the game by scoring a second goal, Lowe doing the noble deed. Strathcona, however, took a second lease of 'life, and Sheppard, who had been playing a fine game, got through our lines and scored with an easy shot.

The game ended shortly after this with the score 2 to 1 in favor of Victoria High School, and so we still hold the cup.

The game was very clean and showed the good sportsmanship of both teams. The only accident was when Sheppard and R. Brown attempted to "head the ball" at the same time with the result that they headed each other; but there was no serious result as it was all solid ivory.

The teams lined up as follows:

**Victoria.**

Palmer  
Hicks  
Kerr

**Strathcona.**

McAllister  
Barnett  
Bowen

Ottewell  
Archibald  
Brown, R.  
Sparkes (capt.)  
Loughlin  
Crozier  
Lowe  
Brown, W.

Davis  
Grant  
Richardson  
Turnbull  
Smith  
Sheppard  
McGregor  
Campbell

## VICTORIA H.S. VS. ALTA. COLLEGE

The only other association football game played this term was the one between Victoria High School and Alberta College.

Although the college boys had a big advantage in their weight they were very deficient in skill and combination. As a result of this our team had a rather easy game.

Shortly after the whistle blew the first score was made by J. Crozier from a foul quite near the goal. This started the scoring and our boys did not let up



Top Row—Roy Brown; Cedric Ottewell, Edward Lowe, Denton Palmer, Alex. Kerr, John Loughlin, E. C. Davis.

Bottom Row—Kenneth Crozier, C. O. Hicks, Mgr.; Charles Sparkes, Captain; E. L. Fuller, President; Ross Archibald.



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till they had piled up five goals to one for the college.

The Victoria line-up was as follows:

Palmer, D.  
Hicks, C. O.  
Kerr, A.  
Archibald, R.  
Ottewell, C.  
Crozier, J.  
Davis, E. C.  
Sparkes, C. (captain).  
Loughlin, J.  
Lowe.  
Crozier, K.

---

### RUGBY

The senior boys did not play very much rugby this fall as their time was fully occupied with association football. The juniors, however, organized a team with F. Tredway as captain and challenged Westward Ho! College. The college put on a team of the larger boys to compete with our juniors, and of course had a big advantage in weight, but even then the play was very even. Westward Ho! won by a score of 23 to 20, which shows how close the game was. Our team lined up as follows: McKenzie, Parney, Yuill, Tredway, Ponton, Rutherford, Newlands, Jones, Hurst, McBurney, Robertson, Butchart, Dickens, Mallet.

---

### FIELD DAY

The sixth annual field day sports of the Edmonton High Schools were held on September 29, October 1 and 3, and were a greater success than ever before. The weather man was in good humor, and as a result the contests were held under ideal conditions. The senior cup, emblematic of the senior championship of the Edmonton High Schools was won by Erwood Lyons, V.H.S., with Howard English, S.H.S., a close second. The Junior High School cup was captured by Edsel East, who easily outstripped all competitors.

On September 29 the cross country run brought out a large number of youthful Longboats both in the senior and junior events. D. R. Grant, S.H.S., won in the former, while Edsel East easily outclassed his competitors in the latter. This is the fourth successive time East has won this race, and his future athletic career will be watched with interest.

On October 1 the jumps were held on the Victoria High School grounds, and

several records were broken. In the hop, step and jump A. Davies, S.H.S., established a new record of 39 feet 7 inches, while Edsel East put the shot 5 feet 5½ inches farther than the old mark.

The track events were held at the exhibition grounds on October 3. A large number of spectators were present and enjoyed a good day's sport. East was there to break another record, which he did in the 220 yards dash, his time being 25 4-5 seconds. In the junior half mile race, Gordon Carpenter, V.H.S., set a pace that was discouraging to the other contestants, and as a result he came in first with a new record of 2 minutes 31½ seconds to his credit. Howard English also ran a fine race in the 220 yards senior event. His time was 22 seconds, which will probably stand for a long time.

---

### THE REGIMENT MUSKETRY SHOOT

The purpose of this shoot is to train the cadet in the use of the military Ross rifle and to show him the essential points in aiming and firing. Although he does not receive sufficient practice to become a crack shot yet these points are impressed on his mind.

The shooting this year in both the practice and final matches was better than that of the previous years. Although the wall was bombarded at times instead of the target by the would-be Bisley men, some excellent scores were made. Dickens' score of 68 is the best record ever made in the Edmonton schools.

In this contest the money given for prizes comes from the interest on \$500,000 donated by Lord Strathcona for the encouragement of Physical Culture, Military Drill and Rifle Shooting. The interest on this sum is divided among the different provinces in proportion to their school population. Last year Edmonton's share amounted to about \$27, and this year it will be about the same. This amount is usually divided into seven prizes. The following are the names of the seven best shots with their scores: Dickens, 68; Donald, 67; Taylor, 65; Sweet, 64; Rendell, 64, and Speer, 63.

When the new armory with its gallery range is completed the High School intends to enter a team in the Canadian Military Rifle League. It is hoped that Edmonton will then carry off some of the honors that Calgary has carried off in the past few years.



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## PRIZE WINNERS

Several prizes have been awarded by "The Chinook" Staff to those students whose contributions have been considered worthy of publication. For the best original story, the prize goes to Miss Annie Marsden, of Grade X. Her simple, yet graphic account of "Persia" is well worth reading, especially when we remember that the incidents related are taken from real life. Miss Doris Betts of Grade XI. is the winner of the second prize in this competition, while Miss Gladys Filer, of Grade X., receives the third prize. Their

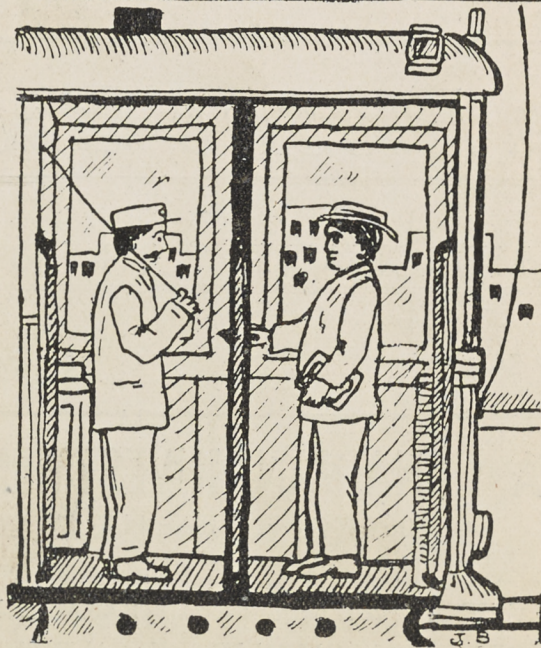
articles are especially appropriate at this season of the year.

Ross Archibald's poem, "Farewell," shows his deep regard for the land of the heather, and we would advise all Scotchmen to peruse it carefully.

Gordon Watson's collection of jokes was considered worthy of first prize; while Harold Moody's secures second place.

Only one cartoon has been published, the winner being J. Bowman.

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The good ship, "Edmonton High School," on account of her brilliant achievements in the past voyages, has been re-christened "The Victoria." May success ever be with her.

Owing to a disease breaking out in 1912 and carrying away all the officers, the ship's Carpenter was put in command. That this was a wise move is shown by the fact that the terrible disease called Hookey was entirely wiped out.

A few incidents which have taken place on the voyage will, perhaps, prove interesting.

The "Billy Club," formed by the exclusive set of passengers, is growing but slowly, as it must have first-class credentials from its members. The present members of the club are Messrs Huckell, Brighton, Forster, Huff and Welbourne.

By the way, Mr. Welbourne, who is first mate, has been behaving in a most embarrassing manner of late. When asked his opinion of the weather the other day, he replied in a far distant manner, "If she only would." We are afraid that this is another case of "first sight" and of the eternal question again.

"Miss Ruth Wilkinson, who has recently returned from the Malay Peninsula, will deliver a lecture on 'The Little Brown Man: His Habits and Ways.'" We are sure this will prove a very interesting discourse.

Now comes the case of Mr. Fred Huc-kell. On the days of August 14th and

November 21st, it was noticed that he looked quite solemn. We trust that this will not occur again.

Mr. Robert McDiarmid, the braw Scotch laddie, has been hovering between a state of ecstasy and the first flat below redemption. That little winged god has been at his fell work again.

Mr. Erwood Lyons, the head-liner in The Heart Breakers, has settled down in life as a professional Woman Hater. This is noticed especially when Mr. Lyons is alone, seldom otherwise.

Miss Fiona Scott of Grade XII. will give a concert in the auditorium of the school on the evening of Monday next. The concert is to be given in behalf of charity. The money will be used to buy chewing gum for the school.

A bottle of Cream Soda which was found in the desk of Mr. Jack Loughlin has caused a sad blow to the temperance question in the school. It would not have been nearly so bad an offence if Mr. Loughlin had shared the contents of the bottle with the temperance supporters.

Mr. Kenneth Martin has again re-appeared with a troupe of trained flies. These little insect actors are said to be very amusing. Indeed, they tickle you to death, you know.

All the pupils of Grade XII. had their French exercises prepared last Monday. Until Miss Teskey recovers from the shock, the further publication of this log book will be discontinued.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

Little Weary with shining pail,  
Milked a cow with a brindle tail;  
A fly lit on the cow's left ear,  
And Weary went up in the atmosphere.

Lila (climbing McDougall hill): "This road is very steep. I wish I had a donkey to take me up."

Jack: "Lean on me."

Mr. Watson (in departmental store): "What's this, bargain day?"

Timbres: "Yes, indeed, sir. Homer's Iliad in the original Greek selling at forty-nine cents."

Edna is a lovely maid,  
Whose father is a Parson ;  
A crime it is to wink at her,  
Much worse than theft or arson.

Question: Why is a telegraph pole like a small dog in jail?

Answer: Because they are both perp-in-de-cooler.

Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
The neighbor's cats begin to fight,  
And raise old Cain around me.



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A captain was instructing his company in patriotism. When he thought he had influenced the mind of every man, he said to Pat: "Now, Pat, why should we be ready to die for our country?"

Pat (after thinking for a minute): "Shure, Captain, that's right, why should we?"

Mr. Long: "Now, if you had been William the Conqueror and had just landed in the south of England, what would be the first thing that you would do?"

Glanville: "Please, sir, I would gather in all the provisions I could."

Waiter: "And how do you find the beef?"

Customer: "Oh, I moved a potato and there it was."

S. Scott (in English): "The old man's beard was as soft and fluffy as a child's."

Marion Williamson: "How do you prevent happy cheeks?"

Miriam Armstrong: "Have nothing to do with cheeky chaps."

Educated Bohunk (broke): "My dear sir, can I demonstrate to you the most engaging sense belonging to the human race. This simple yet entirely satisfying aid of the human brain is designated touch. Say a fiver?"

Tightwad (sarcastically): "My dear sir, being myself under the misfortune of possessing only slightly the auditory sense I am afraid I have not heard your proposition"

"How's everything in your house?" asked Smith

"Oh," replied Jones, "she's all right."

Why is a lame dog like an inclined railway?

Because it is a slo-pup.

What Erma says: "A thing of beauty is a boy forever."

If a girl fell in the ocean would a safety razor?

There's a big husky fellow named Brown, Who's a new hockey player in town,

If you've not seen him yet

You'll catch him, you bet,

Whenever you see Ruth around.

He went into the store to buy his friend a comb for Christmas. He was very careful of his English and of other folks' English. He asked for a man's comb.

"Do you want a narrow, man's comb?" asked the assistant.

"No," replied the careful grammarian, "I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

Bessie: "And so you quarrelled?"

Dora: "Yes, and I returned all his presents. And what do you think he d'd?"

Bessie: "Something horrid, I'm sure."

Dora: "He sent me half a dozen boxes of face powder with a note explaining that he thought he had taken as much as that home on his coat since he first knew me."

Rissett: "What does veni-vidi-vici mean?"

Huckell: "I see I've gone and done it."

Mr. Davis (teaching "Horatius"): "Glanville, can you give me the name of the mythical founder of Rome?"

Glanville: "Yes, sir; Romeo."

A farmer and his daughter were returning late one night from market. Going through a dark lane they met two robbers who took their horse and rig. "Mary," said the farmer, "d'd they take your purse?" "No, father," she replied. "I put it in my mouth." "My," said the old man, "if your mother had been here, we would have saved the horse and rig too."

An admirer: "Don't you think sheep are stupid animals, Ralph?"

Ralph (absent minded): "Yes, my lamb."

When Edmonton beat Scona did the foot ball?

Mallet: "Casey, kiss my toe."

Casey: "Nope; I'm afraid I'd get toe-main poisoning."

Mary had a little lamb,

Its fleece was white as snow,

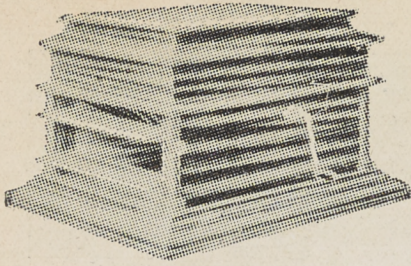
She took it to a slaughter house

And the poor thing felt awfully cut up.

Jones: "Do you think this rain will ever stop?"

Smith: "Sure! It always has."





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IS MOST ATTRACTIVE TO THE FAIR SEX?

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